Woke culture refers to awareness of and active attention to important facts and issues. ...Woke individuals advocate for policies and cultural changes to address injustices.

ecoWOKE

Earth Essays: Lyric Personal & Political Reflections

By DAVID SPARENBERG

An Ovi eBooks Publication

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& the writer David Sparenberg

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From the CONSTITUTION
of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA

AMENDMENT I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

History is governed by those overarching movements that give shape and meaning to life by relating the human venture to the larger destinies of the universe. Creating such a movement might be called the Great Work of a people.

Thomas Berry

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DEDICATION:

an IntroductionTo Read (& Then to Read Aloud)

This is my newest OVI eBook, keystone of the trilogy published in the spring and early summer of 2025. It is FREE for everyone, everywhere. The volume is intended to stir things up, as are the poem books **In Search of Thomas Paine** and **ECO-SANITY**. Ours is not a time or place to abdicate empathy, emotional intelligence and critical thinking.

In the first instance, like Thomas Paine's pamphlet Common Sense, this eBook is dedicated to the American people. To those who are awake and those who are sleepwalking into calamity and who urgently need awakening. For all its apparent softspoken quiet, **this book is a call to Wake Up!**

We live in a perilous time. As Albert Camus in his Nobel acceptance speech said to writers of his day, a challenge resounding to those of us yet standing now, **"Create dangerously."** The author (and the poet) when committed to addressing the world with sincerity and seriousness is conscientiously attempting to tell the truth of the human story as she and as he experiences and comprehends it. Whenever the search for truth is at the root of the creative process, there is danger.

This new OVI eBook is equally dedicated to all people of conscience and courage in all nations, those who live within democracies and work for betterment and those who are more overtly oppressed by dictators and oligarchs, and who long for bread and equality. Those in dire need of the metaphoric blush of roses, to color the pallor of time with the complexion of peace, pledging promises to be kept, and community rituals of joyous repentance and appreciation to be cocreated.

As well, these few but ardent pages are dedicated to US Senator Bernie Sanders and Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, currently the only two American politicians to think, speak and take direct action outside the matrix of politics as usual. With cautionary

hope, I am adding the name of former Washington State Governor Jay Inslee. Besides being a politician of integrity, Jay is an author and expert on environment crisis and coined the term "Climate Fires" as a conditional replacement for wildfires.

The word Mahatma means Great Soul. The word was applied to Gandhi and the word is applicable to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Gandhi was a great soul for India and the world. Dr. King was a great soul for America and the world. Both Gandhi and Martin, who had lived lives of faith and nonviolent activism, were assassinated. Their lives were taken by patriarchal violence, by guns. Guns are weapons of patriarchy used to intimidate, terrorize and, whenever expedient, to eliminate whoever is outside the ideological parameters of patriarchal power, against whoever articulates alternatives and does not submit to the stupor of conquest and patriarchal domination.

When Gandhi and Dr. King were gunned down their murders were patriarchal killings. They were assassinated because they were symbols of nonviolent reconfigurations in favor of empathetic sentience, inclusion and equality. In their deaths, however, Mohandas Gandhi and Martin King died as men, as humans. We should honor them foremost and more faithfully

not as martyrs to a cause but existentially as individuals. For they were, in their visions and dedication, great souls, contradictions and all, who were as human as the rest of us. That is what we should empathetically take to heart when we remember then and the truth-work they each lived for. Mindful of the common vulnerabilities of being human—as a conscious person and a value embodying presence. Of the common bond of human decency, they worked to have "inclusively" recognized. Of the common condition of the human need for dignity they both strove to make visible and accepted. Of the humility that disciplined and balanced their courage.

Bearing these reflections before you as you enter the following pages, there comes to mind a relevant quotation from the American historian Howard Zinn. Zinn believed that democratic betterment happens from the bottom up and suggested the following "deep" planning in grappling with the realities and necessities of ongoing crises, activism and the emergence of global solidarity to disempower and dismantle the matrix-machinery of global insanity.

"I think… that a very complex and sophisticated strategy is required for social movements, one in which politics and electoral

*campaigns become part of the struggle but don't dominate it. Because when people engaged in social movements become dependent on political campaigns, they sacrifice something very important. They delude themselves into thinking that passing legislation will change their condition. It will take more than that." **

As we consider the stupendous challenge before us to become effective (healing and alternative) agents of change addressing Earth Crisis as Human Crisis, there can be no doubt that to get us through and to the threshold of clarity and renewal it will indeed "take more than that." It is yet to be seen if the Indivisible Network will inspire and support this extra resource. It is yet to be seen if enough of us can stop acting like helpless children looking for a Daddy Big Man Money to rescue us from our indulgent folly.

Howsoever eclipsed, intimidated or buried the resources of our humanity, is there perennial soulfulness yet available to reverse misdirection, and carry us further along the immense, immersive and so often uncanny trajectory of multigenerational human adventure? The existential truth is, we are alive, and we are not things. Whatever is immense is intimate in consciousness and as context. Nobody is expected to lift and turn about the immense, problematic whole, but

we each can be responsible toward what is intimately whole in our lives. Each of us can participate in a gestalt of healing-renewal and liberation.

What Gandhi ji and Brother Martin set in motion, is not yet fulfilled, and awaits reactivation, to be peopled, revitalized and actualized from the living present into a biotically shared, livable future. Or as First Nations of the Americas would express it, we have choices to be made "for seven generations."

**TRUTH HAS a POWER of ITS OWN, Howard Zinn with Ray Suarez, The New Press, New York & London*

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THE Question

If I love you
Enough
To stand up for the Earth

Will you love the Earth
Enough
To stand up with me?

IN and OUT of the GROUNDING DIMENSION

Previously published in Green Egg Journal, US

In the Grounding Dimension there is birth, childhood, playing and learning, growth with questing, responsibility, cultivating the ability to respond, a sense of self and flourishing empathy, an age of sanity, aging, wisdom, memory and maturity, and the veil of death.

Everywhere and always within nature, a narrating context. Everywhere and always, plentiful entities, all with shapes, with a way of looking back, seeing into the intentions and souls of seers who are seen; naming, with faces not only human, with voices relatable but of their own; abundance of the living in diversities of life.

Where are these truths? What is happening to this life miracle, the Living Earth? Where are we now, with telltale hearts buried under artificial entitlements, betrayals, and narcissism? Where now for us in vanishing nature is the Grounding Dimension?

In a floating world there are no foundations. Rather than belonging, there is the anxiety of strangers and haphazard wandering. In rootlessness, aggression and addictions, and myriad sorts of destructive behaviors, routinely happen. Entitlement of the Gun and technologies of nightmare war.

What is really progressing here? What has already become of recognition, trust, and virtue-ethics for life, active on the Living Earth?

The parched soul aches with spiritual longing. The senses want to feel gentle rain, to hear comforting patterns, smell the rain transforming dryness, releasing the fragrance of freshness, giving the truth of life back to us, and to Mothering Earth.

Not agreeing together on much of late, we are unified in being displaced, confused, angry, shallowed-out yet profoundly agonized, and not daring to know why. To what advantage? Indulgence gained at the loss of belonging. Convenience and comfort paid for at the cost of Earth-wisdom and sanity.

CONFRONTING CRISIS
and the Specter of Critical Mass

Original version previously Published
in OVI Magazine, EU

Albert Camus wrote something along these lines (and I am paraphrasing from memory):*"We need to stop making war on one another and unite against the common enemies of humanity —**disease, poverty, death**"*. The recent global pandemic was a challenge for nations and individuals alike. We live on a Trauma Planet and the covid-19 crisis is not the only threat even coming our way. There are lessons to be learned if we wake up to learn them. Camus' humanitarian appeal has generally been ignored. But here we are, facing daily questions on the value of life and decisions are made from the experience we are all sharing, decisions about the future of Earth and Humanity. Not one without the other, not one in disregard or at the exclusion of the other.

Questions: Who will be the decision makers? Who will leave the responsibility to others? Who will use wealth and political leverage to turn their backs on responsibility? These are not new questions of course. Ortega Y Gasset raised the same in his classic study **The Revolt of the Masses** in the era of rising Fascism in Spain and across Europe. The questions do however take on new relevance and the increased burden of a critical imperative. Pretense and refusing to respond to endangerment are of course terms of response. Such silence may be an indicator of pathology. Refusing to choose still being a choice. The question is, then, what will be the nature of our response and what will we go along with, or what resist to detox and find the way out of the **infernalization** of the planet and back to sanity?

To choose to ignore planetary reality before us and forget it is to choose to perpetuate the history of suffering, calamity and **metastasizing ecocide.** In the other direction, if we will learn, truly learn, from the lessons behind fear and selfish carelessness, for us there can emerge new opportunities to define common ground and common goals. Can you imagine someday looking over your shoulder into the backward of time and realizing you were part of human unity, a genuine

participant in the processes of shifting direction, of renewal and sanity and, yes, even peace and reciprocity of alignment within the laws and patterns of life on Earth? And why? Because the work at hand was (or is, could be, should be) given priority over the forces of ideological and technozoic destruction. Because the elan vital native to life is evolutionarily proven more powerful than the death wise of the civilization of suppression, illusionary fabrications, and denial.

The suffering, hardships, anxieties, sacrifices, and the losses endured are real, will continue, intensify, and increase. But is it so bad to slow down, to practice quiet and minimalism, to be at home and to come to value life and the lives of others above the false security of things and the idolatry of profit? We live on this planet. Life on Earth addresses us. Now, what are we being told to do (it is not difficult to decipher events), but to make changes, first in behaviors and habitual patterns, beyond that, to change how we identify ourselves, individually, in statehood, and as a species, and how we connect. Giving up the false and injurious thinking of being an elevated breed apart and work with diligent generosity on being participants in relationships of diversity.

Becoming "woke": spiritually, consciously

awakened, mindfully emergent into a responsive, participatory species immersed within a responsive, participatory context of interactive, interdependent, inter-species diversity. Gestalt patterns of autonomous, non-authoritarian centers, always and everywhere within fields of cultural and biotic diversity. This is a vision to birth collectively and maturate into foundational (renaissance)reality. Helping to restore biotic balance throughout nature and bring the collective human psyche into bonding, dynamic health, with profound (deep) intentional, purposive liberation. Exiting the matrix of banality and pernicious illusions in the return to Eco-Sanity.

Not without clear recognition and not without compassion, I feel the need to ask: What are we willing and able to learn and who and how are we willing and able to be as we begin to be released (liberated) from the matrix of technozoic ignorance, to grow to reenter both the biosphere and social world? We may not make it and some of us certainly will not, to where we should be arriving on the accomplishment scale of species maturity. But in dedicated unity and redirection we might bring abouta renaissance of relationships. This will depend in part on how we think and how we feel, what systems we sustain and what systems change or dismantle, or whether we collectively emerge with a

spirit of humility to guide us, instead of broken habits of ruinous assumptions and the arrogance of traumatized ignorance driving us as we push Earth ever further into the meta-historical abyss of our collective suicidal madness. Can we see and free ourselves in solidarity from the density of our overshoot habits of consumption and a civilizational death wish?

To speak of this is not to sound a happy note. To the contrary. It is what former American vice president Al Gore has called "An Inconvenient Truth." Both sides of this are significant. The traumatic condition of Earth is inconvenient for humanity and more than inconvenient, threatening the normalcy of secular, self-referential modern civilization. Yet it is true to reality and to necessity and therefore is truth, so far as we, Earth born, Earth dwelling, bearers of conscious mortality, have evolved to comprehend what truth is. And history is littered with consequences of the graveyards and ruins of delusions, denials, and political deceptions.

Here is a point of distinction I make at the onset. We are not yet at the critical mass of being utterly overwhelmed by eco-geo (or Armageddon armed ideological) cataclysm. But we are well on our way to unprec-

edented upheavel. Where we are is on a threshold, at a crossroads where monumental decisions are routinely being made to determine global direction. Understand this clearly. I am not an alarmist. I do not welcome dead zones covering land and sea or nonstop environmental terror-episodes consuming populations. But I am joined by multitudes who know, feel and witness alarms sounding. An existential threat is ominously at hand and the event horizon of cataclysmic critical mass comes evermore ominously into view. The shadow reaches us now and the substance of mass annihilations and inclusive extinction follows

What do I mean though by critical mass? It is what the scientific community begins to talk about as "the point of no return." How can it happen that we, meaning our species, are aggressively compelling much else, if not all of life on Earth, to a "point of no return", meaning conditions so adverse that life cannot survive within safety, sanity, or with dignity? A point beyond which life may not even be possible! Remember: the story of the immense journey of Earth as a life place, is the story of life's asymmetrical balance in favor of life and life's diversity. And this, in our madness of devouring violence, we are threatening to push away from the intensity of life's begetting life into an omnipotent density of rampaging death.

I have already sided with Camus in appealing for decency and affirming the value of life, and not life as an abstraction, but individual lives, concrete collective lives, even relational interspecies, alive actualities. I have chosen not to carelessly stir up dystopian dread. At the same time, I have committed myself to paying attention to the world clock, noting that the hour of the planet is late, and to waken others to the magnitude of horrific troubles fomenting around us.Together, every man, woman and child stand at the precipice, on the narrow ridge, starkly facing into midnight and oblivion.

Allow me then to outline two types of what I intend by this, by our reaching planetary critical mass. First critical mass would be this: The number and intensity of ecological or geological catastrophes occur within an approximate time frame and geo-physical region exceeding the capability of human systems to adequately respond and recover the best possibly functioning resumption of normalcy. This would apply to incapacitating already poor communities and countries with shallow resources as well as their wealthy neighbors and nations where resources are deep yet still proving inadequate.

Here too should be included the failure of any government with ample capacity, but in denial of climate change, which withholds or refuses to assist with humanitarian and material relief. Such would be a special case of politicized callousness, if not depraved indifference to human suffering and the true dynamics of Earth-conditional realities. There are no dishonest, "alternative facts" to rising sea levels, increased wind velocity, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and tsunamis.

The second major condition to precipitate critical mass would be triggered by a cataclysmic environmental event (better if we designate such happening as a totalizing anti-event). For example, we might consider the scientific theory that the impact of a massive meteor brought about the extinction of dinosaurs, ormore contemporarily dare to think the so-called unthinkable and speculate on how total thermonuclear war would eliminate life and any future possibility of life.

Again, entrance into critical mass could be through a permanent weather pattern shift moved in magnitude from catastrophe to catastrophe to outright global cataclysm and, once more, exceeding every possibility of recuperative response. All of this is to say that Earth can be pushed to the point of no return by human inappropriateness, to suddenly overwhelm

humanity, ending human domination, obliterating civilization, and concluding in the extinction of ourselves and most other planetary species. While there remains time (and not much remains) why do we keep "progressing" toward the brink, racing (and raging) on unto endgame, compulsively toward the manmade black hole of apocalypse?

If our embrace of life and the gratuitous justice of habitation of each in its kind is stronger than any romanticized attraction to death or a religious otherworldly expectation, we can change ourselves and our choices, our collective values, and our collective direction. Critical mass approaches (and we are driving the speeding vehicle on the autobahn of annihilation) and we, in our contemporary generations, are reaching the edge of the determining threshold. Critical mass approaches from within and at work between us, and we, in delusion, inertia, the social folly of procrastination, or else, counter directional, with purposive solidarity, are at the imminently defining crossroads of our future. The biggest, if not ultimate, questions for us are where we are heading, and why and where do we intend the future to be? On a habitable planet or a sterile rock in a lifeless blackhole? Our response needs not be so idealistic as to be utopian. Nor does it need to be dystopian. But it must be honestly responsible to the

best of our natural abilities.

Because I am not an alarmist but am one of many who knows alarms are sounding, out of Greenland, from the Polar Vortex, across the Sahara, the Amazon wilderness, and on and on, I will, counterintuitively, close on a note of hope. Not fictional hope, but hope grounded in reality-and-necessity, and with deep trust in the spiritually empowering essence of humanity: the ever-completing evolution of the human soul and the potential of the human adventure continuing with an evolutionary purpose deeply sensed if not yet intellectually conceptualized.

Against any purpose, potential or possibility, there are three words of terror which must be held in focus and responded to with unflinching seriousness. These three words, which are not merely words (whatever merely words might be), are warning labels of categories in the annihilation of experience. And they are these (and not to be cynically dismissed or forgotten): **genocide, ecocide and omnicide**. The latter is the final terminus of nihilism, the end of life by ending Earth as the place where life happens.

I am mentioning now Greta Thunberg, the movement she has become the face of, and all the millions

of world youth who are inspired in their conscience to join Greta in demanding from powerbrokers (corporate oligarchs and politicians) alternatives guaranteeing a habitable Earth for succeeding generations with governance of sufficiency, stability, diversity, and dignity. Every one of us should be grateful to those who presently demand through courageous, nonviolent assertions a tomorrow of positive possibilities free of the dread of impending ecological apocalypse; they, being honest enough in their hour to confront crisis as it is—members of global generations who are ready and willing to stand for necessary changes becoming a universally voiced ultimatum from Earth herself, articulated through impassioned communities of Earth's human children.

Camus was one of the last outstanding humanitarians and his influence continues to reach across time. It has been more than fifty years since a chorus of voices began to be raised, signaling the need for addressing the future state of the planet. There have been many integral, outstanding voices drawing attention to the converging storm of environmental and human crisis. Some among the living have heeded the calls and warnings, some have not, falsifying the summons and selfishly dismissing it. I come in the latter-day status of a distinguished tradition, the long lines of Earth

attentive advocates, activists, eco-prophets, and eco-sophic pathfinders. My contribution is not tostatically add to the existing abundance of information on what is going wrong and what should be done to correct it. My strength and intentions are but to shine a few rays of reflective light into dark recesses of anguish, hopelessness, despair. Perhaps to awaken some souls to spiritual healing and the work of mending Earth while bettering our disillusioned, delusional, endangered, traumatically damaged, and endangering species.

I am convinced that humanity is a traumatized species responsible for inflicting trauma, in consequence, on the living Earth and Earth's diversity of inhabitants, because we carry through generations the fragmentations and untreated wounds of historical atrocities—wars of death and destruction against our kind and this accelerating war waged by empowered corruption against all realms of nature (from which we are alienated, toward which we are hardened in cruelty and overshoot indifference). Insist that we are spiritually better than history finds us. We are not only "thrown" into the world we are also capable of rising above circumstances and being responsible within the world. We can believe in the power of the moral voice, the vulnerable look, of the compassionate heart, believe in empathy and soulful love. We can weave such beliefs

into Earth Spirituality and such spirituality shape foundationally for yet unborn generations of continuance and betterment.

My personal wish for Earth and the continuance of Earth's evolutionary diversity (even destiny) is that we humans work our way into maturity, that one day soon, and not as a wish upon a distant star, we collectively emerge and collectively evolve into Avatars of Relationships. We can, like creation itself, always at a point of genesis, forever beginning, diurnally renewing, move in such direction. It is not that going on and going forward in sentience will be easy. It will not be easy. But we are not here for comfort and convenience, consuming everything, soiling the nest, trashing the elements, leaving dead zones in our wake, and an exhausted and vengeful Earth in a fury of death throes. I am not convinced to give up, I tenaciously refuse to abandon trust, even against the odds, in still unrealized possibilities of spiritually evolving, maturated humanity.

No evasions henceforth, no more excuses or self-serving denials. Let us rather see; as honest women and men, as parents and grandparents, friends, loved ones, neighbors; what great work is to be done to confront the crisis of our making and prevail from crisis

against justice, and out of the reckoning and reciprocity of justice to bring about healing. It was the Medieval Swiss physician, alchemist, and natural philosopher, Paracelsus, who said that within every disease are hidden the terms for cure and a way to the restoration of health. Why not devote our interests and energies to revealing what is hidden yet curative for the health of sustainable continuance?

The admonition of Camus, as initially stated, has not yet been heeded. Do I believe that my voice will be more effective than his? Not at all. But neither will I give up on the voice of conscience prevailing in the depths of peoples' humanity. In that depth where we are most human, we are perennially sane. And we need each other, in our shared vulnerability, to convince one another of our resourceful, shared sanity.

RESISTING END-TIME

Published in the January 2025 issue of Indie Shaman. UK

Not long ago in a report, the United Nations set out some top priorities everyone can practice in helping to counter climate change and keep Earth (humanly) habitable.

We and the other mammals are here tenuously out of the Age of Flowers, when floral evolution extended range through seeding mobility and accelerated diversity. Short of omnicide, there might be a forced devolution conceding habitation to varieties of cockroaches, post-apocalyptic worms and mutated, mutant micro-organisms.

But here is the UN short list: (1) eat a plant-based diet, (2) reduce unnecessary consumption and excessive waste (in the United States the reduction needs to be radical because the abuses are extreme and constant) (3) eliminate the burning of fossil fuels. This is, or could be/should be, a relatively easy, minimally painful, 3-step program.

I would add to the UN list the difficult but necessary demilitarization of the planet, working with diligent dedication toward removing nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, along with research into further development in these categories and arsenals of technologically efficient weapons of mass destruction.

Within the world's current, politically malignant and anti-sustainability economic structures, opposition to accelerated global militarization is an Outlier Position. Or is it? Is humanity as a species inevitably locked into fouling our nest to the point of non-livability? Is our socialized state that of hatred, cruelty, criminally abusive mayhem, environmental violence and normalized murder? Or are there alternatives to this formula of self-inflicted and suicidal (human) extinction?

We are in extreme peril so long as we refuse to face up to what is real, what is necessary, to asking the critical questions of collective history and self-examination, and prioritize values for affirming, instead of negating life—negation through our apocalyptic anticipating collective psyche, misshapen through serial historical traumas, escapist dogmas and nihilistic ideologies. Affirmative through an awakened and deepening interspecies dialogue of empathy, compassion, and biotic justice.

On the bright side, to be part of the solution rather than the problem, grow living stuff – plant trees, grow veggies, berries, flowers. A garden of several

feet of fertile soil, even a window box, is a very small step. But a step notwithstanding. And one step among many, necessary to be taken for envisioning and actualizing alternative direction. Do not hesitate to take even the smallest steps, and once taken do not hesitate to continue. In fact, hasten.

Addendum: *The best motto and mantra I know for working with soil though home-grown veggies, herbs and flowers is expressed in three simple (people empowering) words,* **Gardens Not Lawns!** This connects naturally with such other self-reliant, liberational terms as Feet Not Wheels, Bikes Not Cars, Grass Not Asphalt, Forests Not Freeways, Food Not Bombs, etc. etc.

For the past fifty years tracking has annually been taking place for a pending environmental entropy labeled Earth Overshoot. Year after year, overshoot is being reached on an earlier date. For the year 2024, Earth Overshoot Day was 1 August. What this meant is this. From the 1st of August until the end of the year 2024. the human population was conducting materially plunder and depleting more of the Earth's natural bounty/ resources than was (or could be) restored within an annual cycle. Or as it has been expressed, human consumption annually exceeds the planet's restorative yearly cycle and it would take 1.7 Earths to make up the difference. One does not need to be a mathematician to understand that this is a fatal calculation progressively winding down to end-time.

Inevitably, the conclusion would be that the next Overshoot Day starts the day after the previous Overshoot Day ends. But of course, we would all have perished from trauma and severe want long before this conclusion could be reached. Yet we might immediately call the prospect Total Overshoot in the same language of madness we have become accustomed to allowing for the preparation and perpetuation of Total War.

I have substantial respect and appreciation for Canadian ecologist David Suzuki, who only recently put out a call for "radical" changes. Not changes alone, not any longer, but radical changes. And while I agree that by taking more radical and sustainable steps by the greater number of us opens the possibilities for planetary restoration, I do not agree that it is "now" that the need for good people concerned and engaged in protective healing to start becoming the change we wish to see. Rather, we are dangerously close to the end of when this radical awakening and responsibility was initially perceived as global necessary. The urgency at this planetary hour is intense and the seriousness no longer deniable except through a perversity of hubris and inflated, delusional ignorance. The longer we calamitously pretend, procrastinate and allow power or morbid mobocracy to contrive means of avoiding the truth of reality, the heavier the task and deeper the trauma that gathers to shortly overcome us and overthrow future generations. That is, to use the common phrase, to "end civilization, or the world, as we know it."

When Suzuki and others, and here I include my humble self, speak of new possibilities growing out of radical choices, the hope for planetary betterment is only viable when and where there is responsibility, as the cultivated value of the ability to respond, emergent out of our shared worldwide emergency. We are in search of a critical global mandate that, in international wrap-around and profound individual and social penetration, gives rise not only to urgency but redefining unity, configurations of eco-civilizational values and purpose.

But how do we who luxuriate in narcissism and the phantasmagoria of conspiracies of shadow forces and suspicion get to the place of trust, without which nothing continues to be done? Resistance in its radical insistence is a reach toward and assertion of mutual recognition (seeing and occupying common ground outside of the matrix) and arduously regenerating the integrity of dialogic trust. How do we open at the threshold of abyss to inclusive recognition? How do we reclaim and ascend even further with the renewal of trust? Time is not on our side, yet it is we who are living now on this struggling and yet life-marvelous Earth, who can move, redirect, and come to stand integrally on the biotic side of time. Firmly on the side of Earth, joyously on the side of life!

Earth is our home, fire is in the house, we smell the smoke, see the flames, and do things, large and small, bravely, to save life. **Individuals of Resistance**

are necessary. But individuals of resistance must be sheltered and sustained by **Communities of Resistance** peacefully and earnestly committed to radical (off the grid) alternative living and counter-directional intentions. These will need to be connected throug **Inter-community** (Eco Villages and Urban Communes) **Networking. The "woke" individual is but the first step in a three parts coordination of comprehensive responsibility, recentering and maximized Evolutionary Self Reliance.**

What comes to mind here are some words spoken by Tolkien's wizard, Gandalf (no doubt a Celt if not an outright Gaelic Shaman-Druid). Gandalf of course is fictional, and we are dealing with the realities of our threatening and pressuring Earth-Human Crisis. Yet a truthful fiction can work powerfully in the imagination, casting a spell of value over against the reduction-semiotics of Overshoot-pathology. Let us listen together to what Gandalf teaches us: *"the rule of no realm is mine great or small… But all worthy things that are in peril as the world now stands, these are my care. And for my part, I shall not wholly fail of my task, if anything passes through the night that can still grow fair or bear fruit and flower…. For I also am a steward."*

Meditatively step back awhile into ancestral nature aligned consciousness and with the quiet and native intelligence therein: see reality, think and feel differently, and walk the Earth in the way of joyous repentance and intuitive resistance to madness, imbalance

and rampaging destruction. Stay clear of entrapping compromise and do not surrender. Unknot the hold of the Technozoic matrix with celebrations of natural wonder. Enter the lovefest of the Ecozoic Renaissance. Experience the ecstasies of spontaneous acts of beauty.

**Quotation attributed to Gandalf is from The Fellowship of the Ring by JRR Tolkien.*

LOYAL to the EARTH

Previously published in The Mythic Circle, Mythopoeic (JR Tolkien) Society, US

If you choose loyalty, bypass being merely patriotic. Patriotism is a political tool used mostly by propagandists to stir emotions and further an oppositional agenda – an ideology.

Loyalty is a keystone quality or virtue of moral character – empathy, honesty, courage, perseverance, and loyalty. Character shows up in patterns across the variables of situations. Moral character is existential. When tested it becomes defining. Through moral character (the Eye of the Heart) a person evaluates the consequences of their action.

Be loyal To the Earth. Apply the Gandhian directive to think globally while acting locally. Local is where you are. It is your home turf. It is where you nest.

From your spot, Earth goes out and on in all directions. And everywhere where Earth is, there is life. Life happens. Because Earth is a life place.

Choose life. As much as you can, do so with the strength and wealth of moral character. Choose loyalty to the Earth. The Earth is foundational. It is where life makes life happen. We are of the event. Behind the event is the process. We are part of the process.

ANIMA MUNDI: Essentials of Eco Spirituality

The original version of this essay was published in Pagan Dawn in the UK. This current version has recently been published in Pagan Ireland Magazine, County Kerry

In the case of anima mundi we may be dealing with one of the earliest experiences of mankind, ***the spontaneous sense of dread and wonder*** *primitive humans once felt in the presence of the Earth's majestic power -* ***Theodore Roszak, The Voice of the Earth, Simon & Schuster***

I write now on spirituality, a particular spirituality. Eco-spirituality (also called Earth Spirituality and Creation Spirituality) is easy to identify, more difficult to define. Definition fossilizes what is defined while eco-spirituality remains healthily in flux. There are other reasons besides, making identification through essential features a more honest and illuminating approach.

Eco spirituality has no fixed canon, no central human authority. There is reason for this basic to this type of spiritual quest, encounter, and expression. There is a wide and ever-growing variety of eco-spiritualities. I mention a few here through the names of some recognized pioneers. Over the past forty years, there have entered the domain of popular counterculture the following voices of exploration: the eclectic collections of T.C. McLuhan, creation spirituality of ex-Catholic priest Matthew Fox, a feminist paganism from Starhawk, eco-Buddhism of Joanna Macy, soul work by Sandra Ingerman and integrative shamanism from Christa MacKinnon, the **Liberation Ecosophy** of Chellis Glendinning, *inscendence* from Thomas Berry and Bill Plotkin, and the Earth Keeper teachings of John Seed and Brooke Medicine Eagle. These and others have fertilized and cultivated common ground for future eco spiritualities to open paths for coming generations.

What is this all about and what features are most shared and identifiable from one focus to another? At center of every variety of eco spirituality is Earth herself, the Animi Mundi of nature, being witnessed as spiritually alive, encompassing, and accessible. Not being a religion, eco-spirituality has no theology, no fixed dogma, no holy or sacred scripture, but recogniz-

es nature as a singular sacred text conditionally accessible to all. This spiritual awakening to Earth brings up the second most profound characteristic.

Here we come to experience and not small asides or sidesteps of experience, but a primal experience that was, until the triumph of urban, techno society, the natural immersion and heritage of our species. This cannot be emphasized enough. Everything that flows from each particular eco spirituality begins in personal experiences of encountering awe and wonderment within the processes of living spirit: within Earth's vibrant biosphere.

The embryonic beginnings of this primal democracy of experience may well be found in the earliest human sensibilities of animism, the sense-awareness that all that is, everywhere, is alive. With aliveness was and has been attached some level of sentience and with sentience a language, although not necessarily of words as we now understand language. This way of being in the world gives openness for experiential immersion in possibilities of relational dialogues. Most of this has been lost over generations of detachment and systematic exclusions, yet today the most advanced biological scientists increasingly find it difficult to draw a line between what is life and what is not, moving the science

of life in a back-to-the-future proximity to primitive animism.

Within the context of animism, the spiritual is given within the physical, available through the natural functions of human life as sensual flesh, as emergent higher sentience, and soul as receptor of spirit. Soul is an important presence at this level of existence and accounts for the two-fold accuracy of perception and the intuitive basis for prioritizing values. To be soulful is at the deepest level and most truthful status of being human. It is rooted in empathy and comes down through generational millennia in what the Lakota of Native North America call **Cante Ista,** the eye of the heart. Through the perceptivity and instinctual-intuitive power of soul, Spirit as a natural condition of Earth, and spirits as entities active throughout the Earth sphere, are of three levels. First is a discernment of energy intensity. Next is the advent of radiance. Thirdly is the visual, audio and felt sense of the numen, of the numinous as presence, or better yet, revelatory person positioned to communicate.

Chief arbiter and developer of soul and quester between dimensions, the shaman was a value invested personality in tribal cultures. It is more synchronic than coincidence that the rise of latter-day shaman-

ism, Druidism and similar ancient practices for back-to-the-future cultures corresponds to the awakening of eco spirituality returning power of listening to the voice of the Earth and visioning within the pathos of Anima Mundi.

Maturity, another high value personality type in tribal societies, eco-spirituality frequently cites Native American elders as role models. Persons mature in matters of perception and psyche are looked upon as leaders and guides for their deep wisdom, appropriateness, Walking the Red Road **(Cantu Luta**) of self-realization in balance with all relations, and as dependable keepers of the law of reciprocity, adhering to the human need for vision and abiding in the beauty way, for the good of their people over ensuing generations. My personal eco spirituality honors this same model of maturity. Would we be confronting the troubles and mounting dangers we are facing if all nations and peoples had only leaders of mature eco-centric stature?

Before going further, here is an encapsulation of my conviction on the All-Around of Earth life – existing soulful, conscious, relationally immersed within the biosphere of **Anima Mundi: Spirit is everywhere in nature, spirit in all that naturally is.**

This miracle planet Earth has developed to where life itself sustains the evolution of life. Life upholds life. That is the essence of the way of the Earth. It is this grand biotic working that is threatened and being destroyed by the excesses of human aggression and exploitation - pathologies of addictive consumerism and our incessant, worldwide war against creation. It is the humanly precipitated crisis that is in the uttermost urgency of redressing and mobilizing our species into a counter-direction for the how, why, and wherefore of human compatibility.

Something must be added about the placement of the sacred and the role of ritual, ceremony, celebration also being essential features to most eco-spirituality.

Religions empowered throughout the world are based in transcendence, which posits sacredness as beyond the grave in some non-locality of after-Earth for after life. Monotheistic transcendent religions are attached to history rather than nature and view time as linear and moving toward a long-awaited judgment and end of days – tribulation for all, salvation for the elect. The event is always at a remove of both space and time. Not so Eco Spirituality, where sacredness is given in the intricacies of nature herself. Sacredness is

here upon individual arrival, working through recurring cycles and is not merely immediate but open to being experienced as intimate. Even the immensity of Earth within cosmos is experientially intimate. Sacredness is woven into the fabric of creation and is as natural as sensual flesh and intuitive recognition.

Rituals, ceremonies, celebrations within this spirituality of imminence generally occur out of doors rather than inside manmade structures, and when not spontaneously happening follow changes of seasons and transformative events, often taking the shape of medicine wheels, drum circles, vision quests and spirit callings. Eco-poetry, shamanic storytelling, music, song, and dance are joyous expressions of democratized thanksgiving.

One of my own favorite eco-rituals is **The Council of All Beings** introduced to the world by Joanna Macy and John Seed. The Council begins in mourning the harm and destructiveness of human excesses but moves into eco-centric empathy teaching inclusiveness and ways to establish biotic justice. We might wonder if we will every sufficiently become human members, guided by eco spirituality, to arrive at a Council of All Beings governance?

I have now brought into view the following key features: Earth, alive and as Anima Mundi, ascending to the center, individual experience as sovereign witness of sacredness, soul and soulfulness partnering in dialogue, and spiritual manifestations of the sacred as immediate in natural space, even intimate, proving a cradle of aliveness for human existence, time as cyclical, ritual as responsive toward the metamorphoses of living nature. From this we might envision a burgeoning culture to seed responsibility: Earth appropriate conduct, reciprocity, and an emergent prosperity of appreciation. And how often, when we observe with our perceptive souls the constancy and wisdom of nature, will being genuinely responsible be expressed in the action of no-action, of relearning the footwork of stepping back, letting go and letting be? That in itself is a reeducation in trust.

Together let us then keep this special (primordial) perception in focus – seeing with the eye of the heart. Families, tribes, communities of combined resistance and encompassing spirituality, and peoples adhere, survive, discover and work out their excellence, and sometimes prevail because they hold to the honor of a peacemaking, spiritual Earth warrior's choice, and participate in an acknowledged center, not only of shared language, but also of shared priorities, values,

acceptable practices and codes of conduct. When this center decays, deteriorates – fails to attract and provide identity shaping guidance to hearts, minds, and imaginations – and collapses, apparitions become ambient, conspiracies circulate, chaos and distrust go hand in hand, and violence, and virulent breeds of corruption contort and contend to fill the traumatized social vacuum.

To all of the foregoing permit me to here touch upon the **Spontaneities of Ecstasy**as intrinsic to the human condition. And the multiple varieties of eco-spirituality with their non-authoritarian contexts of metamorphic flow and sensitive inclusiveness permit for more access to the ecstatic spontaneities of primordial human need. Liberating the spontaneities of ecstasy as foundational to human psychic well being and a countercultural movement away from hostility and aggression.

Over a hundred years ago, the Irish poet William Butler Yeats, in his famous poem The Second Coming, wrote these lines: *"…the center cannot hold/the blood dimmed tide is loosed…".* The* collapsed center of a civilization, and ignorance and violence are basic malfunctions in the making of a Dark Age.

Against this darkening condition, with ever increasing frequency, messages, and visions of light to the soul touch and delve into individual lives-without-borders. Through non-ordinary experience, heightened emotion, intuition, and naturally awakened imagination, various persons are being taken hold of to further the interior evolution of being human and to mend the nexus between Living Earth and re-immersed human membership. This is Amina Mundi, the Spirit of Living Earth herself, searching to connect with those who are connectable. Such is the heartbeat, the true heart drumming, opening the way to life's rescue, restoration, and renewal. Afoot is a tacit Earth conspiracy to evolve toward refined belonging and relational enlightenment of compassion, adjustments and alignment.

In propagating new Earth Spirituality (this particularly in the Gestalt Field of Eco Spirituality/ Eco Psychology/ Ecosophic Education) we seek all those who are dedicatedly working to provide for the natural world and future humanity a new centering of centers, to grow to be powerful, attractive, and fruitful enough to engage, ever more inclusively through the Ground Dimension of human-Earth symbiosis and deepen into the enlightened aspirations of evolutionary liberational human souls.

Having become of late a somewhat gadfly, I feel inclined to end on a question. Consider: is it possible for the naturopathic antidotes of Eco-Spirituality to provide sufficient cures for the pathologies by which we are currently afflicted and may inevitably perish? Which is to say, will centering once more take place to renew us and will a wholesome Ecosophy cure our falling sickness and pathologically wasting away, anticipating nothing other in the day after tomorrow than decline to the end? Will we collectively come to dwell poetically within an Earth Wisdom of Eco Spirituality or continue to endgame until the self-fulfilling prophecy and cynicism of black hole nihilism?

Against these discomforting questions, I will close this paper on a countering note. If there is any one foundational conviction shared by every variety of authentic eco-spirituality, it is most succinctly expressed, without equivocation, denial or betrayal, in the ancient Tao Te Ching. Here is the text: *"The Earth is a sacred vessel. …If you try to possess it, you will destroy it." ***

The Second Coming, from the Collected Poems of WB Yeats, Collier Books, MacMillia Tao Te Ching, translated by Man-Ho Kwok, Martin Palmer, Jay Ramsey, Barnes & Noble Books.*

LOTUS PETALS

Five Interconnective Reflections on Earth & Human Life

Previously published in Indie Shaman, UK

First Petal: CODE – Values for an Ecozoic Future

To fall in love outward (Robinson Jeffers) is a major accomplishment in the Great Work of Planetary Renewal. This is especially significant (and challenging) in a commercialized society possessively enforcing estrangement from natural reality. Capitalism works to replace nature with market value. Commercial media is forever engaged in demolishing reality, replacing a real world of connectivity with spectacles and the numbing banality of parading images.

To fall in love outward means to embrace, fully, the implications of a radical awakening, namely that each person, in the conditional vulnerability of personhood, needs a connection greater than the illusionary monadism of the mortal self.

From all such connections, acts of beauty; the intuitive impulses to liberate and do what is good and right for life (Joanna Macy & John Seed); flow out into this world of mutuality, to increase healing, rekindle some of the shared warmth of gathering, togetherness, and acculturate change.

Here, in our danger zone, in this age of forced extinctions, **Earth Spirit Warriors** emerge with a recovered and re-discovered code of reverence. To be an Ecosopher (Arne Naess), or eco-poet, or eco-musician, a mandala dancer (radical amazement of body shapes in motion), threatens the inert with creative movement, the inanimate with growth and the cult of death with the fertility of roots, soil, soul, and life-grounded imagination.

To be an Ecosopher (an **Earth-Wisdom Keeper**), thriving through eco-self, an eco-poet, eco-musician, mandala dancer or green mage, is to deliberately cre-

ate to subvert the shallow mind and shallow lifestyle, democratizing the experiential depths and power-archetypes of affirmative belonging, as if a tree of life between Heaven and Earth. Affirming and democratizing first democracy—experiences of conscious existence on a living planet. Singing the world. Ritualizing and celebrating sensitivities and sensibilities of homecoming and reciprocity.

Here is what ecologist Bill Devall has named the **Return of the Orphic Voice**. Like the myth of Orpheus, the return is shamanic, having gone down into the little death of initiation and reconstitution, and having re-emerged with the power to enchant, transfix, and to transform.

This is a code for life! Work is in it, countercurrent (counter cultural; soulful, spiritual) work, immense responsibility, and a living fire to kindle hope. A breath of living hope, that is: code of hope and dedication, intensity, commitment, determination, and work.

To recap: Falling in love outward is to embrace the human need to live connected to reality greater than mere ego and individual mortality. For some the connection is God or Goddess, is mountain, forest, river or sea; is in diversity of species or the sublime tapestry

of galactic stars. The point is to embrace flesh and color. Flesh is of this Earth. All bodies, endowed with life, are bodies of the Earth. As to color, my counsel? Shades and glamour Green! By shades of green, I mean those temporal and special markers evolution is becoming. By glamour I mean the living presence of enchantment—and of the spontaneities of ecstasy!

Second Petal:
BAREFOOT & SITTING
in an INTIMATE SPACE

Out of stillness motion arises invigorated and inspired by the dreaming that only stillness opens in heart and soul. Into stillness motion returns to dream again the lost language of belonging and reveal fresh signs of direction for the whenever-next-event of going forth.

Always from some depth there is longing and fruit most worthy of translating into gift is drawn from deep down in privacy of sacred fertility.

Out of silence arises voice. Breaking clear of the shell of noise, voice becomes signature, like the print of a human hand against an arching curvature of stone. The voice knows to sing the world lyrics to

grateful and receptive hearts and souls, the showing forth of a specific presence, initiating acts of beauty, the luminous spontaneities of delight. The erotic ecstasies of life!

Into the silence of peaceful plenum, after spilling fullness generously outward, the voice returns vibrant still and vibrating with discoveries of recent adventures, treasured in homecoming, and reconciled in joy with the space between notations and structures between the narrating shapes of words.

The cup from which the mystic drinks, the bowl the mendicant has eaten from at times craves to be emptied out, cleansed, and returned to patient purity.

Every one of us, alive, lives within a context, some intimacy of time and an otherness of space. Most become self-obsessed and forget this all-sustaining truth, as weather aged as the first bones of life. A few, either wounded or aware, sit barefoot on the intimate Earth. Letting go they go back into the dreaming, eyes and ears let be to work, and moving only in the stillness of simply breathing, in a soft mood in a soft land, return into the origin of coming forth.

Third Petal:
WE – The Bonding Democracy

You breathe and I breathe. We share the air. You move, I move. The Earth is round, a living sphere. Your heart is as my heart and our hearts are as theirs. Heartbeats on every continent, in every flock, herd, in every community.

We each carry inside our bodies, this structured flesh, a quick stream of the Red River. Blood flows, sustaining, in each and all, through identical circuitry.

We look and hear. We work and feed. We shut our eyes when we rest; dream of something and someone, and some place. The roots of common ground, the grounding of existence in nature of creation, is always between us.

How have our languages developed to include the word "stranger"? The raw implications of being found strange and suspect to one another? Of causing fear, leading to deception, enacting injustice, inciting violence, enforcing death? Rewarding betrayal? Estranged: strangers on this Living Earth!

We deny realities. Lies we tell ourselves, sweet or bit-

ter, are mirrored in lies reflected in others. Denial does not make reality unreal. Denial cannot make truth disappear.

You breathe, I breathe. Minute by minute, within the encompassing circle we live, circulating one another's breath. We are thinking too through similar patterns, identifiable through similar gestures, behaviors, each of us seeking to be blessed with inclusion, appropriateness, honored by recognition.

How is it then that our languages, for whatever differences, containing the word "stranger,"—*stranger to ourselves, our neighbors, to nature, to the Goddess-God of Gaia-Earth*—always also have a word for dignity, a word, kindness, feeling terms of how to be human and expressions, usually tender, for desire and experiences of love? A word even, "home"? Another word, "memory"? Phrases for relationships: **the Beauty of Alignment, the Beauty of Appropriate Response.**

Born into the Grounding Dimension of creation, shadowed by time, you breathe, I breathe. Earth is round, a living sphere: apart while together, related over distances—perpetually, we share the air.

Fourth Petal:
ECOSOPHY in a WALNUT SHELL

Out of "the wound of possibilities" (Soren Kierkegaard) it may well be survival that requires ground dimension choices to shape and define who and how we are and become, to live in future dignity, with and within (profoundly with and within, integrally and in organic symbiosis), participating with the structures and dynamics of this living sphere, this Earth in space, home and haven of habitation, where the miracle of life arose and life miraculously continues.

There are traits of history as us that must be transformed or let go, that our children's children's children be set free to "abide poetically" (Heidegger) as a species of avatars of relationships, troubadours, and keepers of wisdom, giving calm, stability and assurance to bio-diversities as the planetary condition we are matured into responsibly sustaining; cultivating a peace culture and Earth appropriate identity as the next direction of evolved human belonging, abundant with a renaissance of kindness and with patient, eco-empathetic acceptance and governance.

How we live, fragmented and often only subsist-

ing in our traumatized and traumatizing technozoic (Thomas Berry) civilization, is not the only way for our species and the afflicted transhuman that is the biotic and interdimensional context we depend on and routinely abuse. We must learn and educate to ask one another what otherwise is possible. To a measure, the good of the past can inspire and inform us, but it is with connective imagination, the endearment and enchantment of nature-reality, and through soulful honesty, that we may yet envision and make practical new and liberating terms of abiding. Out of hurt we cause and the pain and suffering we sustain the wound of possibilities would guide us into ways of being beyond broken.

Trust is an aperture and through the porous openings of trust love can flow into a sanity of repentance, joyousness, and appreciation. Change begins in gratitude. How many of us are genuinely thankful for life, rather than burdensomely struggling with a sense of situational entrapment? When we are into embracing that it is not what we own and what is habitual, and extravagant, but who we save and who we are helping to make recovery and deliverance realizable, we will be initiating persons and communities into changes necessary and investing in differently founded and di-

rectional value priorities. Norwegian Ecosopher, Arne Naess, sought for us to understand that "we take care of what we love."

So here it is, an enlightenment, in our throes of crisis, to work on beneficently throughout a lifetime – an Ecosophy (in particular, an Existential-Ecosophy), rich in energizing protein, compact enough to fit beautifully, nutritiously, into a walnut shell!

Fifth Petal:
SATORI – A Moment Facing

When I had completely crossed the growing field, just here at the thicket of trees, I sat down in the shade of one tree, looking back cross the field I had somehow crossed.

I could see myself out there, inside of a bubble, like a shining golden ball, floating just above the seed-tops of the golden grain. I felt at peace. I felt myself pure, and a smile.

This was a moment without passage. A presence without projection. A complete image.

There had, of course, been another journey, one of stumbling, hurt, suffering in mire and darkness, trying repeatedly to the point of exhaustion to struggle upward along a barren, slippery slope. Torment that never ended yet ended in itself!

That was, however, another narrative. A story that had become placeless, a stuttered song that had no voice.

I was just here in this contentment and vision, watching myself inside the shining ball, the golden bubble of personal poetry, floating slowly, ever so slowly; a young man with a young man's dreams; above the quiet seed-tops of golden grain.

I told myself, in a soft land, in that moment facing, *"I had to get to where I have always been."*

HOW to START a DIALOGUE of ECOSOPHY

Previously Published in Indie Shaman, UK

A circle gathers. Let us say there are two, possibly three, dozen people in a ring together. I am the subject of attention, the focus of inquiry. One in the circle gets us started, saying, "You talked about spirituality as a touchstone for educating moral character, as a lens for guidance and inner resource. But what is it you personally believe?"

To get anyplace with one another, careful listening is always important. I listen to the question, looking directly at the questioner. Briefly I reflect, then reply, "This is a big and complex inquiry. You can begin with a declaration and shortly add something to it, then something to that and so on. But let me try to speak

experientially and bring question and response into the urgency of our planetary hour. There is common ground in this, unencumbered and uninhabited by ferreting out differences and dogmas, and if we bring our talk into this immediacy of experience and the soul's portion of anticipation, which is a framework wherein openness can happen. This is my answer.

Individually and together who share membership in the challenging human need to see and examine how we are with the Earth, how we have become through our collective history, see what is wrong, experience how we approach and make choices regarding who we are, what direction we move in, what alternatives are real, what others no more than utopian or dystopian escapist fantasies, and what, standing upright in the best of our ability to be truthful and compassionate, is possible.

Here again, already, the inquiry is big, simultaneously immense in perspective and intimate, and full of moving parts. And we do not want to lose the thread of hope as we travel the labyrinth of our shared woes. Necessity calls upon us for a depth of honesty and sustained application beyond confusion, most importantly beyond inertia and despair.

So, when asked to express my personal beliefs standing within this context of demanding mutuality, I reach a point where I must say that it is not what I believe in the standard understanding of a person believing in something that is of greatest importance. What is important is that before the encompassing problem of Earth Crisis as Human Crisis, the emphasis and singular priority is facing up to the ongoing endangerment for life and joining in work to empower increasing potentials for a habitable future. From the perspective of human identity not being degraded by conditions of inhumanity, dignity needs be included in what is a livable future. It is here that the multiplicities and varieties of traditions and beliefs can and should effectively emerge out of human inwardness to guide and strengthen the union of outwardly engaged global work and globally extensive workers. In this Gandhi's principle of inclusiveness is vital and foundational.

Ending forced mass extinctions, cleansing and restoring toxic core structures, reviving dying oceans, supporting reforestation, inventing and creating ways to green urban habitation, and eliminating nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction are not matters to be addressed by believers at the exclusion of doctrinal

differences any more than they are realities making demands that are politically partisan and can be reduced and decided by interest groups and limiting national borders. Political boundaries and borders are human contrivances that hold no sway with nature. The same is true for the work of Earth Keepers, in the mending of the traumatized ecosphere, in the healing of historically traumatized humanity. This is not a sectarian responsibility, nor are any of the world's religions excused or excludable. Before we are acculturated to become Christians, Moslems, Buddhist, Agnostics, Wiccans or Shamans, etc. we are birthed into being relationship-residents existing here on this Living Earth.

In what is called **The Great Work**, requiring what we shall call **The Great Unity**, we need to maintain focus on what unites us, not what divides. What unites is air, land, water, food, health needs and habitat. Theologies along with politics and social psychologies recede into the background when challenged by the primacy of these Earth actuals. The actuals are not subjects for argumentation any more than they are to be falsified and denied. We are involved with life as such and what comes from engagement will be of its own in due time, up out of the relational dynamics of being human upon and within the unfolding conditions of living differently on the evolutionary-singular Earth.

Referring back to what was previously said, the mending and healing spoken of gets under way each time any person of us turns in the direction of altering alignment, of appropriate participation with what and how so is beautiful in living relationally with Earth, with Earth's unity of diversity and elemental integrity, committing to the celebration of **Joyous Repentance**, abiding in **a Prosperity of Appreciate**, countering and relinquishing the generations of abusive behavior and the suicidal madness of things. These two acts, in the sense of choosing an identity signature, two patterns of being in the flow of creation as an embodiment of transformative truth, are acts of beauty, the doing of what is right for **The Circle of Life** because it is right to do so.

Perhaps, in the fewest words, that is what I believe most sincerely: the necessity of The Great Work and the holistic accomplishment of The Great Unity. I am inclined toward animism, the sensibility or felt-sense that there is a spiritual presence to everything that is. While I think it is helpful as a starting place to share with others, I do not require others to be so inclined, for each to take part and help to give shape to an emergent gestalt of dialogue. Dialogue now, for all of

us living here, is within the Dialogic of Ecosophy, is about the commonsense wisdom of relationships and compatibility and sustaining responsibility over time. With that as our touchstone, so much becomes possible, existent for us beyond sectarian dogma and the broken winged, weaponized ego of self-righteousness and competitive conflict.

But here, wishing to pin down the initiating inquiry, I have, so I hope, opened several constellations of reflection! Maybe I have said too much? Perhaps not? I will stand on this – openness is itself both a fertility for sowing and, as "meeting" matures, a ripeness of sharing. Without abstraction, let me say that I believe in porousness as an agent for change. Porousness as invitation into transformative empathy, humanizing and ecosophically hallowing.

Beyond commensality in the particulars of who eats, in what order, at what placement, perhaps there is a commensality of ideas, brought into the open out of the primal democracy of experience and processing through our species mind, heart and soul into alternative norms and forms of psyche and social as well as biotic contract? A process originating in transformative expressions makes person-to-person recognition, vulnerability, and interconnections visible. While by no

means is the significance of interspecies dependencies to be ignored, a new humanism of eco-responsibility and collective eco-identity must emerge to move us beyond the symptoms and syndrome of our species self-traumatization. We have for overly long allowed history and the will to power to reduce us in our generations to being victims, and worse yet, executioners, in the devastation of nature, recurring atrocities and systemic injustice, and the exiling of soulfulness from value in public discourse.

Two additional dynamics of human reality should be acknowledged and at least touched upon. Both are important to me. One is the need to trust and align with something greater than mere ego-self; something which is tested and worthy of respect, reverence and devotion. This can be God in whatever guise, including the Spirit relational and relatable through nature. The second dynamic is the human need for experiential ecstasy and the more spontaneous and thereby natural the ecstatic experience the better. The more bliss the better. Even within the absurd. Even within awareness of tragedy.

If everything affirming life is eros, even the act of letting go, then ecstasy awaits discovery everywhere, and seduces the living one to open up to the omni-bliss of wonderment.

In the radical depth of existence, on the way to evolutionary liberation, spontaneous joy is a buried treasure the faux-civilization of things and numbers does not wish us to recover. But recouping spontaneous joy is a form of repentance and we, in our generations, need to repent, as in desist and correct our species course, if we are to redeem the future of Earth's children from the human-all-too-human history of our past.

From all of what I have said, to make changes throughout (systemic changes), there are three integrating and vital movements to be achieved and advanced. Change begins with **Individuals of Resistance and Spirituality** making binding directional choices, gathering intentionally in **Communities of Resistance and Spirituality** which mature into **Networks of Identity, Purpose and Peer Democracies,** composed of Communities of Resistance and Spirituality, made up of woke-individuals who are committing their lives to a future of stable and sustainable Earth habitation and natural balance and harmony. At this critical crossroads of history, Earth will only remain (humanly) habitable through attaining **Degrees of Evolutionary (Cultural Evolutinary) Liberation.**

At this, I stop! Standing in circle, we face inward, face toward on another openly, within the profuse and profound Encompassing. Our faces can be seen. If we look and unmask. Our voices can be heard. If we honestly, empathetically (and not egotistically) listen. Invitingly, I look into the faces of those standing in circle with me. I say, "Time for another speaker." I ask, 'Who is next?

CULTURE IMAGES of WOMAN POWER

Previously published in Indie Shaman, UK

Grandmother Root

Out of the confusion, Native Woman calls. Out of the way-back time that is and is not, she stands and is calling.

How many generations of suffering and injustice! Who could even count the outflow of blood and tears? Mothers and daughters, grandmothers, and raped Earth.

Out of these days of confrontation, out of this storm of confusion and change, Native Woman stands. She stands in blood-line—her grandsons and granddaughters. She stands in eternal light, naming children of the Earth: praying for all relations.

Singing her heart to the Great Spirit, this life-root lives, nurturing every kindred heartbeat; seeding power into future generations.

Grandmother, Ancestor, Native Woman: she is of the sacred. Remember the Ancient in coming days. Defend the Sacred.

Medicine Woman

Medicine Woman is centered in a wheel. This is a Medicine Wheel. The wheel is around her. Cornflowers surround her. She goes around and around and around.

She goes up to the top of the Tree. She is in the Overworld. She goes down to roots of the Tree. She is in the Underworld. Moon of popping trees.

Medicine woman crosses the Rainbow Bridge of life. Medicine woman crosses the Bridge of Night. She wears her robe of feathers. She wears a mantle of stars.

All you who are sick and wounded come into the Inipi. ***** Medicine Woman calls spirits. Ultraviolet are spirits' colors. Origami of cicada unfolds.

Medicine Woman is centered. Medicine wheel turns around her. Medicine woman is centered in a wheel. This is a Medicine Wheel. She goes around and around and around, and around. She goes up to eagle in sky. She goes down to fish in the sea.

Medicine Woman is centering. She is motion within motion. She goes around and around and around. Cornflowers surround her. Origami of cicada unfolds. Hers is the Moon of Popping Trees.

*****_Inipi: This is one of the seven sacred rituals of the Lakota people, a spirit-called ritual used for inter-dimensional and transhuman healing._

Shapeshifter

When Storyteller comes into the community, she is more than a storyteller. She brings to people the magic of shapeshifting. Voice and body each are instruments of her expression. She is a bearer of human memory, shifting through customs of cultures, shifting through life-forms of Earth-evolution. She is an artist of Butoh***** a clown in creation's circus.

Storyteller might be black and she is beautiful. She may be brown, fertile in imagination, sturdy and re-

fined. She is as strong as a mountain. She is rooted in images of forests. Wise with the wisdom of adventure, roaring with power, yet subtle and eloquent, Storyteller masters how to wring tears from dry stones; how to awaken smiles, to break through clouds of agony, loneliness and terror.

Eyes of Storyteller are deep pools—compassionate, playful, prayerful and profound. How many years has she dedicated to detailed observations, to sacred imitations, sacred initiations?

Her body is as sensual as an orchard, alive with the fruit of culture. Her hair is a daughter of the wind. To music of her journeying, wild hair of the Storyteller dances.

When she arrives and calls the people into circle, she is in the Way of Nature's working. Join there. Dare to become one of those flowers opening before her weeping rain, before her laughing sun; in mystic enchantment of her tide-pull moon.

Learn from the Shapeshifter, as she shapes who and what we were and are, and who and what we may become.

***** *Butoh: a Japanese dance style created out of historic trauma to explore and reveal the full spectrum of human pathos. On the relationship between Butoh and shamanism, Sondra Fraleigh writes in part as follows: "Butoh fascinates me most because of its shape-shifting potentials and its somatic shamanic basis… Metamorphosis is the metaphysical method of Butoh, its alchemical aspect, and its shamanist basis." from* BUTOH: *Metamorphic Dance & Global Alchemy by Sondra Fraleigh.*

INTIMATE SPACE

Previously published in Pagan Dawn, UK and Quail Bell, US

Tell me the landscape in which you live and I will tell you who you are. - Jose Ortega y Gasset, Spanish Philosopher

I am a human member. My home is of intimate space. I live between Earth and Sky. I am between land and water.

The ocean-world that cannot be crossed in a single day, a single night, or even in a single lifetime, starts and ends at my bare feet. Unbroken rhythm washing the singing sand, surges between my toes, bubbling beneath where I stand, under my soles.

Mountain that cannot be climbed in rational and waking hours, belonging to Dreamspheres, from base to snow-topped summit, lifts before my eyes and towers far above me. That mountain that carves me in its image, sits like a great stone giant, sitting while ascending through millennia—cloud gathering at summit. Mountain is a sentinel of Earth's dream, yet never, never have I seen mountain slopes and peaks geological in motion!

Everything about me is formed in the betweenness of a specific place with needs and purpose. And am I not reflected in this weight and vastness?

A living person, breathing, dreaming, working my garden, seeding, I was born below the sign of Gemini. It is not out of character that my home is in a Gemini location, a locality not satisfied to be land alone, not content to be only water, horizontal without vertical or to be vertical without wide horizons.

I am a human member here, dwelling in this intimate space. A presence alive between life and death, between living and dying. A presence between give and take, embrace, reciprocity, holding in the moment eternity longs for, and letting go. Between the fiery splen-

dor of the sun arching sky of sometimes rainbows and hidden stillness of filigreed, fingering downward roots restlessly in search of watery oases.

Ocean departs between breaths and does not leave its place a single instant. Trees stretch in two directions. Tree branches bear colonies of moss, vivid green communities, like busloads of uniformed school children, high and higher above the often rain splashed ground. The sucking fertility of saturated soil.

I live like this, here and now, between myth and history dwelling on the mystic cusp of ancestral memoires. In and out, backward-forward, between forgetfulness as conscious renewal and the unconscious obligations of continuum through remembrance

Everything that "is" lives in betweenness. My home is of intimate space. Forms and forces, hymns, and furies out beyond reside inside. I abide. Betweenness bespeaks of who I am. The language is intimate.

OLD "GREEN" TOM:
an Open Letter to Friends & Readers

Published in the April 2025
(final) issue of Indie Shaman, UK

Hello. Welcome. Come closer, have a seat. Please relax and listen. I am going to talk with you about self-reliance. That means speaking to you on self-trust. Here's my spiel. A tale if you please of autonomy and pilgrimage. Open to and shared by every sentient being.

Whenever somebody comes up and tells you they have the secret keys to unlock your potential, for you to be complete in yourself and have everything your ego desires—and they place a price tag in your palm and encourage you to follow them—invite the proclaimer to join you instead in the **Circle Dance of Entranced Peers.** But if the salesman declines to do so, do not hesitate to laugh that one back into their own shadow. You do not need a leader to gain the vision of

your uniqueness, to be aware of having purpose, to be secure in the reality of belonging. You are here and made to be part of all that is. This is your foundation in the **Grounding Dimension**. This is foundational and is dynamic for your role in the emerging process of **Evolutionary Liberation.**

You do not need the other's secret keys. What you do need is waiting in nature and is also deep within you. It has been since the beginning of the human adventure, since the start of our ancestral saga, the sentient evolution of our species sojourn. Trust nature and trust the part and the power of which you are. You are not dumb, and you are not helpless. Only put aside your technological gadgets, remove your cyber-prosthetics. Take off your shoes where grass grows. Become empathy-porous in the presence of otherness. Relearn sensory self-reliance. Repent for the wrong that happens which you do not do but am responsive to redress, and repent joyously.

Here now is what you do need, and it is simple, immensely intimate, immediate in the body of the moment. Allow me to call it the **Primal Democracy of Natural (Immersive) Experience.** Here is how to do it, to have the sharable uniqueness of such experience and to be in the context of Being you do not

need a program, my friend, to discover your personal way to walk the Red Road of being human in the humanness that is yours to enjoy, express, and generously offer. You certainly do not need a head trip. And I am confident, as you should be, that you do not need a guru to follow with your checkbook. Trust is enough. Give trust a chance. Give trusting a try.

Go out into a natural setting. Set aside some quiet time. Place yourself in a quiet space. Let go of stress and worry, of all that harries, haunts and hurts you. Go into nature, without angst, without a cell phone, the supplies of addictions or artificial intelligence. Allow your senses to awaken. This is what "woke" really is – sentient in immersive nature with engaged senses. Senses are your initiating energy flow and parameters of contact, opening to the first field of your all-around context.

Start with sight, use your eyes. Empower your sense of sight by looking at reality twice, with twofold vision. Use the eyes in your head and the eye of your heart to look at what is often overlooked, what is normally left unseen. All around you, and everyone, life is always happening. And reality is creative with inter-dimensional portals. Sacred spaces where the magic of the mundane world and other spheres and realms of magic come together.

Part of you, even in the confused and convulsive, trauma driven civilization of the 21st century, deep down inside is your inner shaman, a long time Earth Walker of the immense journey of sentient evolution, many times threshold crossing through the discourses of imagination into emotionally profound dialogues of the Imaginal. Untying the knots of history, ever toward liberation and the molecular knowledge of having sojourned to be a part of the evolutionary process actualizes belonging.

After sight, awaken and empower hearing. We submit to being poor listeners, and we cannot sing the world, give voice to the passion and pathos of choral creation, if we cannot hear the voices, the murmuring whispers and vital sounds articulated and morphically resonate around us. Hearing is one of the blessings of being alive. Extend yourself to listen, to hear sounds, melodies, outcries and responses of delight as well as trepidation, realities between silences, and the silence between sounds, words, voices. Listen to gather in physical memory. Learn to sing the world as a troubadour resident in the Circle of Life.

Move on to your sense of smell. Breathe in the odor of the air. Acknowledge the foul and the fair, what is

curious, what warning. and what is passing vapor, or what lingering perfume. Sense danger which ignites the smell of fear. Smell joy, for joy has a heady smell, and the fragrance of ecstasy, having the power to pervade flesh, and a vital eros to entrance. Move on to your sense of touch. Reflect on the dexterity and sensitivity of human fingers and hands. Reach out into the natural stuff surrounding you, and feel something there that is not you, but which, in relationship to you, you are part of. Momentarily close your eyes. Feel the warmth of sunlight on your eyelids, your face, your skin. Feel the touch of passing wind. Feel how the wind is connected to the exhalation of your breath.

Move on. And last, but certainly not valued the least, awaken, enliven and set free your sense of taste. Lick the salt from your moist, soft lips. Stick out your tongue and taste the air. Reach out to something you previously touched and taste that something now. Taste the blade of grass. Taste the tenderness of a flower petal. Taste and accept, happily and with innocence, what bee and butterfly and even the swift darting miracle of a hummingbird with lengthy tongue. will have tasted as nectar and pollen of the flower before you. Use your sense to discover and recover how much life is designed by nature to be shared. How immediate, inti-

mate and initiating experience is without losing touch and getting lost in the urban pandemic of cerebral abstractions.

Go out to some wild spot, with openness and humility, to enter the **Primal Democracy of Natural (Immersive) Experience.** Trust nature and trust the interior resource, the belonging face of your Greater Self, your vulnerability, and your humanness—which nature labored long and hard to evolve in the integrity of who you are in your species membership. These wishes are the core of what I have been saying to you here in friendship. Before you give your power away to any other, embrace the power passed to you within the immense journey of our species. Do we each step forward toward furthering revolutionary liberation or haphazardly stumble backward out of laziness, or cower in the false conditioning of cowardice? Or do we assure our constantly falling into a heap of wasted life due to drunken nausea, depression, and despair? That happens too and tragically far too often.

But the focus here is not on failings but on healing and fulfilment. Throughout this genial epistle I have been advocating for the primacy of sensual-sensory experience, experience through the senses and

the self-reliance and intuitive wisdom the poet Yeats called "native intelligence." For me, alert and responsive senses, the spirituality of embodied sensuality and the wisdom of intuition as a way of passional and empathetic intelligence are vital qualities of shamanic identity and characteristics of the shaman's being an interdimensional traveler and benefactor of culture. I am comfortable with imparting this position to you.

Notwithstanding, we are each and all human and as such have our moments of confusion, vulnerability, weariness and feeling lost, when we long for the power, the haven, and example of another's otherness to shelter in, to learn from, until we are again ready to resume the journey of uniqueness which is sovereign to our spiritual maturation. There comes to mind one who is a near contemporary, beyond deception or exploitation, as he is a revealed fiction, an ideal, and an unconscious archetype. My reference is to Tom Bombadil from JRR Tolkien's trilogy, The Lord of the Rings.

No one of us will lose identity or income passing some deep time meditating on the mystery of Tom. We meet him once in the first volume of Tolkien's epic and what we are given is essential without being told too much. Old Green Tom is a Taoist Shaman,

perhaps a merry Trickster, and certainly an enigma, a riddle to puzzle over, comparable to the untying of a Zen koan. Focus here on what we are told, the gem of elusiveness and insight.

Early into their heroic adventure, the hobbits are rescued by Tom Bombadil. Afterward in his home Tom's wife is asked to explain who and what he is. Lady Goldberry, Daughter of the River, initially answers with only three words—three words of power. She says, ***"Tom is Master."*** Pressed for more, the Lady gently reflects and adds the following: *"The trees and the grasses and all things growing and living in the land belong each to themselves. Tom is the Master. No one has ever caught Tom walking in the forest, wading in the water, leaping on the hilltops under light and shadow. He has no fear. Tom Bombadil is Master."* *

That said, I will take my leave until possibly someday, somewhere, we meet again in person. Until that comes, if it is to come, I bid adieu, wish Many Blessings and leave you in the company of your own true Self, along with a sometimes visit or two for inspiration. musing and renewal with Old Green Tom in his world forest of healing imagination. Tom is a light to trust, a Tao for here and now at the beckoning edge of the shire of recovery. Before we reach Mount Doom

in the death-wish land of Mordor, in this threatening extremity. Tom Bombadil points in the other direction and the Ring exerts no power over the likes of Old "Green" Tom. Tom is an archetype, awakening of Earth (evolutionary) mercy, in the collective unconscious of an **Encompassing Imperative.** His is a state of bliss, a conditional openness to life's spontaneities of ecstasy.

**The Fellowship of the Ring, book one in the Lord of the Rings trilogy by JRR Tolkien, Bantam Books.*

EPIC - a Back to the Future Political Romance for Public Recitation

Dedicated to US Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez

An earlier version previously published in The Mythic Circle, US, and this version in Countercurrents, India

Sing in me Muse the epic tale of that Earth daughter who shook the foundations of the Dark Towers and challenged in combat the dread lords of tyranny and their master the Patriarch of Death. Before the Book, back in The Dreaming—over eons of Mythic Lore—it is attested that light is restoration for those who are eaten by their own shadows and fire is the bane of phantoms. From somewhere here, Muse, begin.

The Woman-Warrior Princess, AO'c TrueHeart, shook her beautiful head with the flowing locks. She shook her beautiful head topped by the shining helmet with the flowing plume of rainbow colors.

AO'c lifted her invincible weapons of light and fire in an honoring gesture to All Fathering Sun. She chanted her kindred chant to Elder Sister Moon. She made a prayer offering to All Mothering Earth. Then AO'c unleashed from her throat a furious battle cry—the battle cry that confounds wrongdoers who oppose her and shakes the foundations of injustice.

AO'c TrueHeart mounted her winged horse with the flowing mane and tail. Feathers of the wing on the mount's left side were a pure radiance of golden-white light. Feathers of the wing on the mount's right side were a shimmering iridescence of rainbow colors.

AO'c TrueHeart was one, yet she was many. She emerged from the Realm of the Mothers, she came out from the Council of All Beings. Behind her gathered the Guardians and Ancient Spirits who do not age. In the onslaught of battle, the Cosmic Green Dragon mirrored in her Woman-Warrior's heart breathes fire through her mouth and nostrils. In the onslaught of battle, lightning shoots from her spellcasting eyes.

AO'c rode forth, in the direction of the Dark Towers of Power, seeking battle against the forces of evil. Myriad were the bright-eyed maidens, myriad the long-

haired youth of the shires who pledged loyalty to the Woman-Warrior and followed her path on the Beauty Way.

When the battle cry of AO'c TrueHeart rang out from her throat in thundering truth-force, it shook the foundations of the Dark Towers of Power. Gripped by prophetic fear, soothsayers and practitioners of black magic hastened to assemble in the grand hall of the Dark Lords.

Among the assembly of ministers, councilors, warlords, vassals, robber barons, assassins, and astrologers the richest and most powerful was first to speak. Sunken eyed and discolored with seething contempt, the dread lord proclaimed loudly, "AO'c TrueHeart comes against us. She comes to do battle. She has emerged from the Realm of the Mothers. She comes out from the Council of All Beings. AO'c is one yet she is many. Gathered to her are the Guardians and Ancient Spirits who do not age. AO'c rides the winged horse. The Woman-Warrior bears the invincible weapons of light and fire."

The speaker paused as a stirring and grumbling rippled throughout the vast hall. The chief lord of corruption resumed: "She plans to put an end to the

cruelty that is our power to govern. She plans to stop the wickedness by which we prosper. This AO'c True-Heart cannot be defeated. She comes in the prophecy made long ago by Land Dreamers and Water Dreamers and the Keepers of the Animals who have perished at our hands."

It was then that the eldest and most timorous of the Dark Lords cried frantically. "Let us flee. Quick! We must run! We must hide before we are taken captive, and wealth and power are stripped from us."

"Yes," many agreed as panic took hold of the assembly. "To where shall we run? Where will we hide?" one among the stricken asked. Another of the Order of Dread and Terror added, "To what place where the light will not expose us? Even shadows that have served our every secret, now quake and are scattered and shrink before the woman's quickening approach, before the judgment of her battle cry"

Hearing these words, voiced in the contagion of fear, the Patriarch of Death arose from his throne of skulls and bones and shouted menacingly a wrathful reproach. "Cowards! Cowards all! For generations our kind has held the world by the throat. How skilled we have been at war! How skilled in covert operations! In cunning, our order is unrivaled; unrivaled in the art of betrayals."

The Patriarch of Death cast a baleful eye at his followers, then resumed his proclamation. "Now are we to flee before a woman? This AO'c TrueHeart is little more than a girl. She rides this way in search of victory. A contemptable gesture."

As the Ruler of Rulers spoke, the Dark Towers shook in their foundations a second time. Once again AO'c unleashed her furious battle cry that confounds wrongdoers who oppose her and shakes the foundations of injustice.

Upon this tremor, Master of the Dark Lords clutched his massive battle ax and swung it in rage over his head; next stabbing and hacking at the empty air before him. "Call out the armies!" the Patriarch commanded. "Assemble the battalions in battle formation!" He laughed cruelly and his laughter sounded like a storm rumbling through the great chamber. "AO'c TrueHeart approaches, dreaming of victory. She will receive defeat and torturous silence at our hands. Away! Make ready! This day we will drink the heart blood of AO'c—a woman—champion of the powerless dreamers!"

AO'c arrived at the Dark Towers of Power; battle was joined—the battle between light and darkness, between good and evil, between life and death, be-

tween treachery and truth. In the onslaught the Cosmic Green Dragon mirrored in her Woman-Warrior's heart breathes fire from her mouth and nostrils. In the onslaught, lightning shoots from her spellcasting eyes.

Many are those in the ranks of corruption who yield before the Woman-Warrior's radiant light. Many are those who surrender to the beatitude of the Woman-Warrior's love. Victory is won through love's purity and courage Only by love are the Dark Lords vanquished; the Dark Towers brought down to the shared abundance of Earth and the Patriarch of the Order of Dread and Terror forever exiled from the decency of the world.

Today this story is a forecast. Like a comet crossing the sky of time, it is not yet fulfilled. ***Yet it is to be.***

CREED and Weapons of an EARTH SPIRIT (Peaceful) WARRIOR: a Lyric Essay

Previously published in Countercurrents, India & OVI History Magazine, Europe

Do not kill. Do not commit murder. Or employ traumatic violence to inflict suffering, grief and loss on any other. Let me say it again: Do not kill. Do not murder. Do not strike out or seek to annihilate, or to cause bodily harm to another, depriving any person of their existence or wellbeing.

Be too much in love with life to destroy life, to take life away from someone else.

Do not go to war. War is not honorable or glorious. War is political mass murder. ***** Wars are waged for reasons and goals outside the lives of common soldiers. Those everyday individuals who allow themselves to be entangled in the madness and are condemned to die for a policymaker's power and profit, or to kill at a pol-

icymaker's behest. Most often, wars are waged against civilian populations. Do you really want to infect your live with the incurable pathogens of having killed families of woman and children, elderly, the feeble, and the ill?

Let me say it again. War is political mass murder. Do not go to war. Do not believe in war or the propaganda of making war. Do not accept the propaganda of nihilism that the end is justified by any means. Technology provides a plethora of weapons for committing mass murder. Do not be fascinated, do not be deceived. Remove the blinders of propaganda and see what war really is.

Be too in love with life to participate in mass murder. The pursuit of war is always a loss of humanity. And victory in war is profit over life for a few, but only a few, who were wealthier and more privileged to begin with than those whose lives are sacrificed. The ideologues, the oligarchs and the war profiteers do not care about you, do not care about your family. If you, and even an entire generation of youth, do your duty, you will have served their purpose. Whether you die or survive with the stain of fraternal crime to haunt your conscience you will have served those you allow to be your masters.

War is political mass murder.

Be honest. Speak truthfully. Try your hardest and very best to be truthful in your dealings with one another. Avoid lying and deception, and the worst of all corruption is self-deception. Lying relies on ignorance and ignorance is a form of destruction. Lying ties life in knots to prevent truth from being seen and felt. Conscious ignorance is an outgrowth of cruelty.

Do not practice cruelty toward others or accept anyone acting cruelly toward you. Be better than that and relegate the customs of cruelty to the past. You are gifted by being human with discerning intelligence. Be educated in empathy and use intelligence in the evolutionary dialogue of compassion.

Let me say it again, be honest. Do not lie. Lying undermines trust. Demand truthfulness in the dialogue of existence and be of service to life by extending trust.

Be convinced of the need for integrity, if dignity and decency are to prevail between us.

Let Earth be what Earth is. Earth is wild and Earth is where life happens. Be on the side of life happening. Let go frequently and let be. Recovering from ad-

diction to overshoot consumerism, let go of nonessential possessions and humiliating nonsense and let nature follow nature's course. Earth has been evolving for millions of years, and Earth is wiser than we are. Embrace voluntary simplicity, material minimalism, the healing power of joyous repentance and in your personal intimacy of belonging be immersed in a prosperity of appreciation.

Let me say it this way, practice intervals of withdrawal and make a practice of patience and generosity and return to the natural state of human ecstasy. Earth is a life place, life happens here, and in the dynamic, asymmetrical balance between life and death, be on the side of the Earth. Abide in life.

That is the way of the Earth Spirit Warrior, not a conquistador but a troubadour and missionary of peace. Fire and light are the weapons of the Earth Spirit Warrior. Fire is the passion of life. Light is the Olympic torch of truth showing the way to liberation.

Be in love with the intensity, the passion, of life affirming fire. Be one with the light navigating the way to freedom. As you feel liberation approaching, you will be infused with generosity and a desire for simplicity and wisdom. Courage is required to make a warrior's choice and stand one's ground for nonviolence, non-

aggression and peace in a world gone mad with violence and war. Humility is required to make a warrior's choice and stand one's ground for integrity, honesty and equality in a world sick with greed, diseased by corruption and crime. Eco-self-identity is a quantum of courage and humility. Eco-self is eco-sanity.

*****_The reader is encouraged to examine arguments for just wars in resisting foreign aggression, state terrorism, and genocide._

GANDHI'S Spiritual Great GRANDDAUGHTER

Previously published in Countercurrents, India

She is of the fire
She is of the light
She looks to the left
She looks to the right
Fire and light
Light and fire

Fire
Of heart and soul
Light of the sun
And the "woke" mind

She welcomes to her side
Those who love liberty
Life First
The intricate generative integrity
Of Living Earth

She diminishes shadows
Covens of darkness
Those who denigrate
The common law of decency
Who suffocate mercy
Sneer at and belittle the
Natural laws of diversity The universally
Shared dignity of all of life **Fire**

Fire
And light
Light
And fire
Truth and freedom
Equality and trust
Light of the sun
And the "woke" mind
Fire of heart and soul

Yes! O
Yes in the BIG YES of life
She
Is of the fire
In passionate intensity
She
Is of the light

Pointing the way toward sanity Democracy
Shall not vanish Truth
Shall not perish
Earth will not become
A prison a matrix of oligarchic oppression
Death camps of poverty
Or a cosmic dead zone

Stand with her now
Stand up with her here Stand resolute
With Gandhi's spiritual great granddaughter!
In passionate denouncement denounce
Greed and betrayal bigotry and violence
In compassionate resistance resist
Corruption and crime – the gun the lie denial
And the Bomb
Kindle generosity
Illuminate with honesty Loosen
Knots create solutions
Turn turn turn away
From evil expel
The politics of deception
Rid the world (the good suffering world)
Of the perfidy of war

Return tonight
Empower today
Invite to inclusion - everyone everywhere equally
To the Banquet of Loving kindness
Fire
Fire and light
Light and fire

New languages of empathy
Yes! A personal Yes
In the BIG YES of life **Life**
Happens here
The haven
The harbor
The tree of our nesting
The harvest
Beyond borders
Before politics
Love one another O
Love what is other
Love one another and
Protect the Earth
Mend what is broken
(Many are broken)

Set free the Wild!

SEEDING:
an Epilogue to Read (& Then to Read Aloud)

Look over here. See me. Here I am. I am a human being. This is a dangerous declaration. Yet notwithstanding, I wish to give the example of a new definition to this being human. I wish to declare something surprising in humanity—as humanity lives and grows and reaches external expression through me, my person. An individual, and yet a human member manifesting a presence through *a unique Existential Ecosophy*.

Evolution: a sentience in context, a becoming within Being. One intimate and dynamic gestalt before the Encompassing, the All-Around Flow of Genesis. A mandala of sensual flesh and sensitive consciousness. One winged heart and a soul's sacred treasure.

And this All (the All-Around life sustaining power of nature) is the wilderness domain of the ancient Greek god Pan, who, with rustic music and the ubiquitous Eros of Biotic Creation, follows the goat paths of evolution to Dionysus, Orpheus, Krisna, Angus mac Og, and even the exiled gnostic Christ of the Cosmic Round Dance. These named, along with the Green Man of the Woods, are descendants of shaggy, old Pan, inventor of the syrinx and pursuer of dryads and nymphs.

Look, you can see the outward terms of who I am, as I can take account of the outward terms of you. This is a start for us, and it is important that we remain focused for our interval together. It is common value that speakers make eye contact. That is an indicator of respect, and some measure of respect accompanies civil recognition and discourse.

I wish for you to understand that I am a seeder: seeding is my intention: it is what I do, what I am attempting here to do with you—seeding growth between us.

I enter the world and plant myself as presence and as an aligned dreamer, deep in the erotic fertility of creation—in the Eros-in-the-world of being human. I enter the space before you and plant myself in the common-ground and mutual condition of existence

and ambiguity of each of us and the now, flowing in moments, between us.

A seeder looks toward a horizon; looks between here and there; and looks toward tomorrow. Seeds to actualize potential require duration. What does seed contain? What will a seed grow into? Growth is a process and process happens over time—years, expanses, origami, and transformations of time. There are patterns in seeds and patterns are Gestalten, figures of process, becoming, unfolding; and a seed comes into its fullness through cycles, carrying purpose over seasons of conflict and fulfilment.

Time o' time! Yet I am here! I am in this present Presence, an active actual of the moment. This can be good, my good and my good to share, if I embrace and offer it. If you embrace and our embracing becomes possible and sharing integral in a revelation of being human. Individuated and yet species members of a worldwide network of communities. Communities in the robust while yet fragile, integral ecology of this one only Living Earth.

I have a need and an abundance of tears. The world as I find myself in it is a conditional cause of tears.

More tears than I would welcome if only the terms of existence altered; became more honest, empathetic and caring than conditions are. Which is to say, less violent, aggressive, broken and breaking of dreams; treacherous and betraying of life's need for dignity and decency. It is tearful and often tearing for a conscious, thinking, feeling person to cope with the preponderance of human ignorance and cruelty, and how we choose to live in self-referencing artificial extensions, far removed from the metamorphic flow (and glow) of natural balance, inspiration, wisdom, and harmony. Dangerously removed from the Grounding Dimension of this life, these terms of life, on this Living Planet.

I have a need and hungering of the soul for laughter. Laughter is an outburst of amazement, and I never have enough and am always longing for more. Do you agree with this? The longer we mourn for the wrongs of the world, the more we become spontaneous with the funny ways this and that happening slides into the constant flow to tickles us. Injury and waste and underneath injury and waste, ecstasy and renewal! A marching boot crushes a flower, and another flower comes into light. A serpent strikes and a bird with a song, rising from a green branch, circles in the sky.

The cold silence of fear, of death, is followed by a singing voice of joy. Each act of betrayal is countered by ten million, or a burgeoning billion acts of beauty!

In my hands (wait, let me show you) are collected some of the living gems of the Living Earth, of life here, where I am, where you are, where we are we, immersed (if we dare to pay attention) in possibilities. Seeds of life, of what is "being human," what is to be repented, overcome, conditionally changed and what yet experienced; the longed for, the hoped for, the dreamed, and the yet to be shared, this is what is in my hands. By opening, I give. Whether I am young or old or you are old or young, whether female or male, or non-binary, Caucasian or of Beautiful Color, does not matter much in the life of tears and laughter. These qualities, unless destroyed by malignant normalcy or systemic (corporate) confinement, are inherent and common. Seeding matters and the nature of what is sown. That which feeds and authenticates us, or that which poisons? What from seed grows: how it becomes, blossoms and in turn seeds again into the wide world, into the future of the human condition. Into the backward-forward re-membering, reconnecting, exploring membership; within affirmative conditions of existence, in this specific, organically connective sphere of life.

The Wild of the Earth, this Earth, a uniquely orbiting sphere, evolutionarily self-cultivated into a Garden of Life. Life Wisdom to Let Be! To be a troubadour of being here, alive (nesting) and to sing.

When I say "I" and include you, I can say with imaginative certainty that we are not who we were, when barren, neglected plots, when faceless strangers. Nor shall our kind be what we have been, if we, seeds of human reinvention, are to be at all. In the working of this, seeds, which were ever words and worlds of motion, take on feelings, contours, shapes, emanations, presences, reflections, vibratory-resonance, and are choices. **I am a seeder of choices.**

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10 Suggestions for Further Reading

Thinking Like a Mountain: Toward a Council of All Beings, John Seed & Joanna Macy, New Catalyst Books

The Way of the Earth: Encounters With Nature in Ancient & Contemporary Thought, TC McLuhan, Simon & Schuster

The Wisdom of the Native Americans edited by Kent Nerburn, New World Library

The Spell of the Sensuous, David Abram, Vintage Books, Random House

My Name is Chellis & I Am Recovering from Western Civilization, Chellis Glendinning, Shambala

The Great Work: Our Way Into the Future, Thomas Berry, Bell Tower Books

The Deep Ecology Movement: an Introductory Anthology edited by Alan Drengson &Yuichi Inoue, North Atlantic Books

Deep Ecology for the 21st Century, edited by George Sessons, Shambala

The Power of Nonviolence: Writings by Advocates of Peace edited by Howard Zinn, Beacon Press

Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth Healing the Mind, edited by Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes & Allen D. Kanner, Forwards by Lester R. Brown & James Hillman, Sierra Club Books

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Earth Essays: Lyric Personal &Political Reflections

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Ovi eBook Publishing 2025

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Woke culture refers to awareness of and active attention to important facts and issues. ...Woke individuals advocate for policies and cultural changes to address injustices.

David Sparenberg is a humanitarian and eco poet, international essayist and storyteller. **He is also the author of two other OVI eBooks, IN SEARCH of THOMAS PAINE and ECO SANITY, which are both Free to download online and from the OVI Bookshelf.** David lives in Seattle, WA in the Pacific Northwest of the United States but identifies himself as a World Citizen.

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Earth Essays: Lyric Personal & Political Reflections

By DAVID SPARENBERG